

The Fabulous Foursome! (Astronaut to Magical Girl Heroes TGTF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

A group of four brilliant scientist astronauts are investigating some strange energy readings when they are suddenly hit by an unexpected wave of exotic matter. Finding themselves transformed into superheroic magical girls, they find out they've been chosen by a cosmic force to defeat a coming tyrant.

The Fabulous Foursome!

The shuttle was ready for takeoff. Within, all four occupants sat, neatly arranged in two rows, their computers and controls before them, their suits on but heads uncovered as they prepared for the mighty launch.

"This wait is sooooo boring," Jace said, throwing up a peanut and catching it in his teeth.

"Are you kidding me?" his sister Lea said. She smacked him on the back of his head, ruffling his bright orange hair, the same colour as her own, given they were fraternal twins. "You're throwing peanuts in here? That's a total violation of everything we're meant to be doing! You could cause issues with the instruments?"

Jace grinned back at his sister, summoning his most charismatic smile. Given how social and extraverted he was, it was quite the smile indeed.

"Only if I don't catch them right," he bragged.

"You're the worst. I can't believe they let you on this mission."

"Hey, you may be the physics-gal, but I'm the best damn pilot around. Ain't that right, fellas?"

The man sitting next to Jace just rolled his eyes. He was a shorter figure than the rest, even Lea, and his frame was skinny also. The pale man's name was Cyrus, and he was the chief programmer of the mission, responsible for the circuitry, robotics, and numerous repairs they'd need in case of emergency. To that extent, he was fastidious and fussy, and therefore could barely stand the amusing antics of Jace.

"Don't bring me into this," he muttered. "I keep asking you not to mess with my electronics. They're very sensitive!"

"Sounds like someone else I know," Jace said, literally nudging Cyrus with his elbow. "Little sensitive man here."

"I told you not to call me little!"

"Woah, sorry, I forgot that the emotions are much bigger on the inside."

Lea batted her brother on the back of the head again. "Can't you be serious for one second?"

"What's there to be serious about? We should be excited! This is the mission of a lifetime, and it has it all. Strange solar flares, mysterious transmissions, strange energy readings around Venus, an experimental new craft invented by one of our own! We should be absolutely celebrated, and meanwhile you're acting far too fussy as always, sis, and Cyrus is his usual cranky self."

Lea sighed. Nothing would ever change her brother, she suspected. She turned to her husband beside her, the rather handsome man with his nerdy glasses, his brown hair having gone prematurely grey at the temples, giving him a refined look. She scoffed at him; he was smirking at the antics and trying to hide it.

"Please, won't you say something?" she pleaded in a whisper.

Robert squeezed her hand. "They're just excited, my love."

"And so am I, but the instruments are sensitive, and I don't want anything to interrupt the magnificent scientific research we'll be doing."

Robert moved his hand and patted her thigh this time. "Very well, my love." He cleared his throat, and spoke with a powerful authoritative voice that silenced even Jace.

"Okay, cut it out people. We've got to look good on all those television screens, remember?"

That was certainly enough to get Jace to correct his behaviour.

"And Cyrus? Please stop hitting Jace on the thigh. I doubt he can feel it-"

"Because he's so weak!"

"Hey!"

"-but it's not helping. Let's all just calm down."

The mood did indeed calm. Jace turned his head back and smirked at his sister.

"Good thing you married him," he said with a wink.

She winked back, their normal sibling relationship restored. "Good thing I did."

They went over all their last checks before the liftoff was set to commence. Despite their occasional antics, the team truly were professionals, and as much as they sometimes chafed at one another, they had been together for some time and knew how to 'switch on' when required. Jace was always the one who took it too far, but Cyrus never helped; he clearly had an inferiority complex fuelled by his small stature. Thankfully, the science-obsessed Lea and charismatic leadership skills of Robert could usually wrangle them all back into line.

"Honey," Robert said. "You're bouncing."

Lea paused, realising she was indeed squirming in her seat. She brushed her hair back, correcting her ponytail. "Whoops," she said sheepishly. "I guess I'm just a little excited. We could be making new discoveries!"

Robert, who was as much an engineer as he was a military man - he'd designed the shuttle they were in, after all - kissed his wife gently on the cheek before restrapping himself in.

"Some days, my love, I truly wonder if we'll find something even *you* can't explain."

She just shook her head. "No way. Everything can be explained eventually. I don't believe in magic."

Robert just shrugged. "Well, I do. I hope we find something that can confound even us. That would be magical, wouldn't it?"

"You're just a pure romantic, Robert."

"Would you have me any other way?"

Jace made some puking noises to mock the pair behind him, and Cyrus bickered once more at his ridiculousness, only for the two to get back into a private little war. Thankfully, it was interrupted by the comm system.

'Once you settle down in there, team, you'll be ready for launch. Make your final checks. Liftoff is in one minute.'

Excitement rippled through the shuttle piloting chamber. This was it, it was really happening. A mission to Venus to truly discover the source of strange signals that could well be alien life! Lea particularly shivered with anticipation, and Robert loved her all the more for it. For all the marvels and strange powers and heroes that existed in their world, the deep of space could hold far more wonders. They each did their final checks, and then the countdown began. Robert and Lea held hands, and Cyrus had to bat away Jace's mocking attempt to replicate that moment of comfort, and then . . .

'Three . . . two . . . one . . . liftoff!'

The experimental engines roared to life, and the force of gravity slammed them back into their seats as the shuttle surged into the air, aided by its twin rockets.

Their mission had begun, and each of them knew it would change everything.

They just didn't know how much it would change *them* as well.

The anomaly was close. The shuttle was passing around the curvature of Venus, and Lea was once more bouncing around in excitement from all the new data they were getting from the planet's atmospheric readings alone. Of course, now that it was zero-G environment, the

bouncing meant that she was having to grip onto the walls or occasionally be helpfully aided by her husband.

“Can someone tie my sister down already?” Jace asked, still at the controls. “Kinda distracting.”

“Like you can complain about distractions!” Cyrus huffed, checking once more over the programming of the various probes they were sending. “You’re a little hypocritical.”

Jace snorted. “Well, you’re just . . . little.”

Cyrus snarled, but as usual Robert got them in line with a military bark.

“Shut it down, both of you! I swear, things would not be so out of shape if this was a full military venture.”

It was Cyrus who spoke next: “Yes, well, if you excuse me, Robert, this is not a military venture. Not purely, as you say. We all get equal say in this mission, and your brother-in-law’s constant jokes about my stature are not helping my calm.”

“Knock it off Jace. And Cyrus? Maybe get some of your robotic parts back in the lab instead of here, where our pilot is trying to fly?”

Cyrus muttered about the irritation of having ‘military doctrine’ guiding a ship, but did acquiesce.

“Well, let’s hope we get this data back before we all go mad in this coop,” Lea said, floating to Robert’s side.

Her husband chuckled. “We’ll be fine. Won’t we, Jace?”

Jace threw him a thumbs up. “Just let me beat you at golf again when we get back! Or better yet, use your connections to get me back into that fine club.”

“The one you were kicked out of,” his sister reminded him.

“Hey, how could I know there were rules against picking up that many chicks? You can’t stop a Casanova!”

Lea sighed. “I think I’m going to vomit in space - a bad idea.”

“What can I say, sis?” Jace said with a shrug. “Chicks dig pilots. Hell, you married a guy who makes spaceships, so tell me I’m wrong.”

Lea had to bite down a smile to stop her brother knowing he had a point. Even Robert was looking elsewhere, pointedly *not* acknowledging the rather correct assumption Jace had made. Thankfully, before Lea could admit the teensiest bit of defeat, the systems on their ship suddenly went haywire, blaring all sorts of strange new information across their screens and readings.

“Holy shit!” Lea said, pulling herself into her seat. “It’s the anomaly! Our probes are reading it!”

“It must be far bigger than we thought,” Robert said, also pulling himself in. “How close are we?”

Cyrus barged back in, barely making it to his seat as the shuttle shook violently.

"My probes are all malfunctioning!" he cried in a reedy voice, even the exploratory robot is swinging about and vocalising strangely! Is Jace driving us into the *sun!*?"

"I'm *piloting* us into *something*," Jace said, his voice tense and serious for once. "Holy shit, what is *that!*?"

They each looked through the forward facing windows of the shuttle. Moments ago there had just been the vacuum of space on the other side of Venus, now it was a pure *lightshow*, a cosmic dance of exotic matter that streamed and spiralled past the ship.

"Um, honey?" Robert asked. He was a clever engineer and had seen many things during his time in the service, but this was certainly outside his area of expertise.

Lea's mind raced, her red hair flowing around as gravity seemed to bend in odd directions.

"Um, it appears to be some kind of cosmic dust, perhaps containing exotic or alien matter. The readouts are showing chemical and geological and even *biological* compounds I've never seen before. I - this is the kind of thing that could be studied for years and years and there's still be-"

"Are we in danger?" Robert said, voice cutting her off. Cyrus looked his way, his small body trembling.

Lea paused. "I - yes. Potentially."

"Okay, that's all I need for now. Jace, get us clear. Cyrus, send some probes into this anomaly so we can study it for a distance. Lea, honey, get what data you can. I want us clear of this thing."

"You got it boss!" Jace cried.

"On it!" Cyrus replied.

For all their bickering, the pilot and roboticist could work in perfect tandem when the moment called for it, or when their friends were in danger. They were in total sync, Jace manoeuvring the shuttle around odd asteroid-like matter that teemed with reef-like structures, and Cyrus coordinated to launch a probe or information-gathering robot at every sight of interest, all while helping Jace with the other metrics. Robert kept them apprised of the shuttle's limits, and Lea poured over the data as much as she could, at once more excited than she'd ever been in her life and totally overwhelmed by all the data she'd already missed.

"We're almost clear!" Jace cried.

The shuttle groaned, and their respective stomachs dropped in response to another gravitational anomaly.

"Do it faster!" Robert barked.

"I'm doing it as fast as I can!"

"Wait, just give me one more second!" Lea cried. "I think I've found the core of the anomaly! The energy readings are beyond belief! I just need a little more-"

Robert was about to override his wife, but he never got a chance to. They hit a rough patch, Jace flying too close or too far from a series of asteroids, and something about their strange energies began to magnetise the ship, literally pulling it apart. Cyrus screamed, and Jace joined him not long after, though his was more a yell of confusion as the ship literally began to fall apart around them. Robert was more steely, clutching his wife to keep her as safe as possible, gripping their helmets and shoving hers on before his own. The shuttle trembled. The oxygen was comprised. The life support collapsing.

"Someone contact Space Control!" Robert yelled. "My own connection isn't working."

"Screw Space Control!" Jace spat. "Get us the Hero Society! I'd rather see Meteor Woman's big tits coming to save our day in spandex!"

"I'll call it in!" Lea said, but then her radio literally fell apart, floating in every direction. The bolts and screws keeping the whole shuttle together were literally unscrewing, the welded sections melting apart with ease as if the shuttle was being constructed in reverse. It was the most surreal thing any of them had ever seen, and Jace was so taken with it that he barely managed to get his helmet on in time. Cyrus, on the other hand, was too shocked by the deconstruction of his robots and probes that he never put his on at all.

"Cyrus, you idiot!" he yelled over the comm. "Get your helmet on before-"

The whole ship came apart. It did not tear, nor rend, nor buckle. Instead, it simply . . . separated. Thousands upon thousands of individual pieces, from large sheets of metal to the tiniest rods, all came apart until the ship was little more than a diagnostic manual. Robert clung to his wife as they circled in the kaleidoscope of colour that was their surroundings. Jace tried to keep close using his suit jets, but Cyrus rotated in the air, clutching his throat.

Only, he did not die. He didn't even begin to suffocate. Instead, the strange rays of the vast, vast anomaly began to seep into his skin, bathing him along with the other three. They could all feel it; the vast energy pouring over and even *into* their bodies, sweeping through their systems in a great dance of cosmic radiation. Lea's eyes were wide, taking it all in. Despite her sheer terror, the physicist in her was *fascinated*. Surely they were doomed, and yet it was the most beautiful sight she had ever witnessed. She wasn't even sure what effect it would have on her body, except that it would likely be the end of it. She clung to Robert, and he kept a steely gaze, wanting to protect his wife from the worst of it and yet failing to do so. Jace flailed, yelling and screaming as his astrosuit began to shift and malform, beginning to expose him to the rigours of space. Cyrus was hit by far the worst though; the exotic matter collected upon his body and *fused* with it, various orange hues changing the very pigmentation of his skin.

"I'm sorry!" he cried, and somehow through this faux-atmosphere they could hear him.

"It's okay!" Jace said, holding his hand. Lea held her brother's, and Robert held her. The four of them whirled through space, leaving their shuttle behind. The centre of the anomaly grew closer, the swirling clouds of multicoloured chaos drawing them forward. Each gripped even more tightly to one another, their very doom facing them; an anti-blackhole of light that spewed forth creation, a pulsing quasar of endless magnificence.

And then, from this light, a face began to form.

All of them were taken back by this, even as their very cells began to light up with the radiation and exotic matter, even as Cyrus' skin literally began to turn orange from the exposure. The face rose, matter streaming into it, endless colours including some they'd never imagined rippling across its face. It looked almost to be the size of a small moon, dwarfing them with its god-like brilliance. It was neither male nor female, somewhere in-between, and long streams of cosmic dust formed its hair. Its eyes were portals of light, beholding them; somehow they all felt it, that this alien entity was looking at them. Lea had the only appropriate reaction.

"Oh my God, it's . . . beautiful."

Suddenly, a psychic whine in their minds, and they heard a voice, commanding and powerful and composed of a billion smaller tongues.

'I am Cosmicus, Keeper of Balance.'

"Did that thing just talk to us or am I going crazy in this LSD storm?" Jace asked.

Cyrus beheld the great being with awe. His body was changing, he could feel it, and it terrified him.

"Can you save us?" he asked.

"Please, our shuttle fell apart in your storm!" Robert added. "We are explorers from a nearby planet. We come in peace!"

'You are a being of peace, then? That is good. And yes, I can save you. I can do many things. I am the Keeper of Balance, and it is a role that I have kept for time eternal, helping maintain the delicate nature of chaos and order. I have arrived in your solar system to warn you of a great threat: an intergalactic conqueror who would place your world beneath his brutal rule.'

"Look, that's great and all," Jace said, looking at Cyrus. "But Cyrus here is in danger! You need to save us first, and we can deal with that guy later! I mean, hell, you can deal with him!"

The face changed expression, looking mournful. *'Alas, I cannot. I keep the Balance, but cannot interfere directly. To do so would violate my most sacred directive. This is why I appeared near your system, to allow the best and brightest of your kind to seek out my*

brilliance and be changed by it. I can patronise you to help fight this conqueror and restore the balance, drawing upon the aural power of your very planets.'

"Look, we can talk about it once we're safe!" Robert bargained.

'Unfortunately, this is my purpose. I can save you, but you must become guardians of this world.'

"I can't agree with anything unless I consult with my government. Look, our crew . . ."

Lea's mind was barely able to keep up with all these revelations, but she could feel her suit starting to come apart, and her husband's was as well. Cyrus was looking misshapen, and her heart leapt at the sight of her brother Jace as his hair seemed to turn to bright yellow fire.

"Robert, we have to agree!" she shouted, heart in her throat.

"Honey, what are you saying?"

"We're about to die, honey! Look at Cyrus! Look at my brother! I'm not waiting on the Hero Society on this one. Please!"

Jace turned his head, and even Jace managed; it was looking larger than normal. Everyone was waiting on Robert to make the call. He was the military man. The planner. The engineer. The one who took charge. He looked at his crew - his friends and family - and made his decision.

"Fine, damn it, we agree!" he shouted to the entity known as Cosmicus. "We'll be the guardians you need and fight this conqueror! Just save my damn crew!"

'Very well, Robert, man of peace. I will connect to your minds and gift you the powers of your planets. You will each be changed to aid in your coming quest. Prepare yourselves, for the power will be mighty, but you will never be the same again.'

"I said we agree, goddamn it! Change us already, so long as we survive this insanity, we'll work out the details later!"

'So be it.'

The energy already pouring into them suddenly heightened, as if activating every cell in their body and lightning them up like Christmas trees. They *did* light up, in fact, tendrils of power coiling around them like vibrant ribbons of pure illumination. The four continued to hold one another - each by the hand, Lea and Robert clinging more closely - but soon they were entirely coated in the light, their bodies like silhouetted manifestations of constellations.

"God, it's s-so strange!" Lea cried, wincing as the changes swept through her.

'You are a brilliant woman of science,' Cosmicus spoke to her through her mind, even as her astrosuit bubbled and shifted, changing matter entirely. 'But you must appreciate the magical nature of the universe as well. The mystic power of Neptune will inhabit you, Lea, and gift you with its powers of foresight and illusion.'

The brilliant physicist could barely believe it. More of the ribbons of light wrapped around her, and in doing so her body and clothing changed. She had always been a beautiful woman, but her profession demanded she 'dress down' in a manner of speaking. Now, her hair spiralled out from her scalp, getting longer and longer until it was well past her lower back and even past her buttocks. She moaned at the silky sensation of her hair; it was almost unnaturally smooth and vibrant, and seemed to float in an almost pattern-like way around her. A pressure on her upper face made her clench her eyes shut, but when she opened them, a *third eye* opened with them, emerging in the centre of her forehead like the mind's eye of ancient myth. She could see more than she could ever have imagined: x-ray spectrums, ultraviolet rays, electrical pulses, and others that defied all manner of sense or logic. Even as this happened, her clothing became an impressive blue robe that flowed over her form, hugging her upper half tightly but loosely flowing about her legs with trailing lengths of fabric that left her legs practically uncovered. Her feet were bare, and numerous gemstones set into place down her costume, glowing with multicoloured light.

"This - this isn't possible!" she declared, taking in the visions around her. Already she could see the others changing, and strangest of all she was also witnessing the *possibilities* of their changes as well. "It's not . . . this is against all the laws of physics!"

'There is more than mere physics in this universe, Lea, and you must master that understanding to use your full magical might, daughter of Neptune.'

As Lea grappled with this, Jace was similarly struggling. His hair was still bright yellow - not blonde, but actually *yellow* - and looked to be on fire at times, at least around the ends of his increasingly long strands. His astrosuit was altering, the bottom flaring outwards with a bright yellow skirt and long yellow boots that went up to his knees, complete with pointed heels. His leg hair retracted, as did the rest of his body hair, and soon his entire dimensions were warping.

"No, no, no, fuck no! What's happening!" he screamed, his helmet dissipating into atoms. "Why is my voice *sounding so hiiiiighh!?*"

It was alarmingly high, exactly like a woman's with a sweet swinging soprano, in fact.

'Jace, you are a braggart and a boaster, a man who beds women eagerly and teases others playfully. But you are also a daring pilot. Your spirit is perfectly aligned with the celestial power of Saturn, the dancing planet that moves with elegant grace and yet commands attention with its rings.'

His chest began to push out. His shirt was reforming into a tight white leotard that went beneath his vibrant yellow skirt, with a slight v-neck to reveal what was obviously becoming a pair of actual female breasts. They rose, making him squirm in the chaos of space, providing a thin line of cleavage. This was accompanied by a squeezing of his waist and further widening of his hips. His face also altered, bubbling and shifting so that it

reformed into - and this was a major surprise to Lea - an incredibly pretty lady that could have been her own twin, were it not for the flaming yellow hair and sharper cheekbones. Jace tried to scream invectives at Cosmicus, but suddenly his manhood scuppered back up into his - now *her* - body, replaced by a distinctly female passage that left her moaning with unwanted pleasure.

“Ohhhhh, you f-fucker! Change me back into a m-man! This wasn’t p-part of the d-deal!”

‘The power of the guardians is female by nature, as is all power that is creative and wondrous, for it births new brilliance into the world. Jace, you now command the powers of Saturn: your dance and flight and speed is beyond any others.’

Jace could feel power well up inside him, an energy far beyond any he had experienced. His feet glowed with yellow fire, his white-gloved fists too, and even his eyes seemed to emanate that same yellow fire. It only made the petite-figured beauty with the ballerina’s body want to go up and punch Cosmicus in his giant anomalous face. To add one last insult to injury, a bright yellow bow appeared at the bottom of his v-neck, glowing with electric light.

“A *bow*!?” the new woman screamed. “A bow!? Change me back! Change me back or I swear I’ll-”

But the power of Cosmicus was already moving to another; Cyrus. The poor little man was being bathed in far more strange radiation and exotic matter than any of the others, and the result was that his entire pigmentation had turned a bright orange. His body was warped in areas - a larger shoulder here, a longer leg there - and he was barely keeping it together.

“S-save me!” he screamed, his voice somehow carrying through the void.
“S-something’s h-happening to m-mee!”

‘Cyrus, you are a brilliant roboticist, but your life has been dominated by physical weakness, coupled with a desire to stand taller beside your peers. Your anger boils beneath the surface, but not anymore. You are a perfect fit for Mars, the bringer of War. The red planet’s energies will flow through you, reshaping your form into a mighty warriorress who is far more than human.’

Cyrus began to panic. “F-far more than human? What - what do you m-aghhh!!”

The tiny man’s body began to expand as compact energy and motes of stardust were absorbed into his form at a rapid rate. Suddenly, for all the strangeness that was occurring, Cyrus felt *alive*. His body *burst* from any remaining shreds of clothing as his limbs and spine extended, all the misshapen parts now equalising to form a titanesque figure. His hair began to extend, turning to long red curls that fell down to his lower back, vibrant and almost impossibly thick. His eyes glowed green, emanating with power, and yet still he grew. Jace

watched on, the Saturn-powered woman utterly jealous that *Cyrus* of all people was becoming buff and tough, but soon the other twist occurred, because some parts were extending more than others. *Cyrus* grunted, overwhelmed by the pleasure and power of the change, as his nipples extended outward. This was followed by a surge of flesh into his chest that caused said nipples to ride upon a wave of expansion, tissue and fat forming a pair of breasts. At first they were barely noticeable - the meek roboticist was easily six-foot-five by this point, his biceps and thighs swollen with muscle - but they continued to grow, gaining sensitivity and weight.

“Holy shit guys!” Jace cried in her now lovely feminine soprano. “*Cyrus* is getting fucking *stacked!*”

The changing man couldn't blush due to his orange skin, but he did moan.

“N-no! I wanted to b-be a strong man, not a-”

‘As I said, the power of the guardians is female. You shall be a mighty warriorress, a titan of womanhood, empowered by the magic of Mars to fight in combat and burst through the terrible machinations of the conqueror.’

Cyrus whined, though his voice now dropped, becoming a low and dominating contralto. His lips puffed up as his face widened, losing all scrawniness, and this was complemented by the growth of long eyelashes, a powerful Roman nose, and a more rounded chin that left his face looking as devastatingly beautiful as it was imposing.

And *still* his breasts grew, even as a green warrior's skirt manifested around his widening hips and expanding rear. They became sizeable C-cups, then large D-cups, then Double-D's, then cantaloupe-sized E's, and then beyond even as his own manhood pulled back into his orange-skinned body with a sensational, near-climax inducing feeling. *Cyrus* cupped his huge breasts, moaning as they grew yet further. *Her* voice was now husky and low, her muscles rippling, and as one final surge of expansion hit her chest was finally supported by a sort of green crop top that wrapped around her chest and hugged it upwards, providing a colossal amount of bright orange cleavage.

The new titan of a woman trembled, still floating in space for a moment before her feet settled upon a sort of bridge of light that *Cosmicus* was now placing before them. *Lea* floated over it, not knowing how she was doing so, but her robes trailed to fall upon the bridge. Jace nearly tripped over, unused to wearing high heels or his centre of gravity being so focused upon his hips. *Cyrus*, on the other hand, landed with a thud, her weight shaking the ground in this multicoloured void, her breasts wobbling heavily. She couldn't believe the strength in her body, nor how she was easily heads and shoulders taller than everyone else. She had to be nearly seven feet in height now, and her boobs stuck out like a shelf in front of her, obscuring her bare orange feet.

"This must be a dream. This must be a dream," she repeated, looking at her hands and massive mammaries. Even Lea couldn't keep her eye off them, and Jace was certainly intrigued. At this point, Robert took one look at his wife, and the pair exchanged a glance. He had disconnected from Lea, but she still held him by one hand. They both knew he would be the next to change, and judging from what had been said . . .

"It's going to be okay," Robert reassured her.

"Honey, I'm sorry. I didn't realise!"

"I know, I made the call. Cosmicus, just get it done already! I don't want to wait any longer."

Cosmicus' face in the far eons of distance furrowed its brow. It slowly nodded.

'Indeed. Robert, man once of war, now of peace and invention. You proclaim to come in this spirit of peace, and so too shall you be imbued with the powers of Venus, the Bringer of Peace, and the Exemplar of Love and Desire.'

Lea just about coughed, and so did Robert. They exchanged another glance while the ribbons of light danced towards him, ready to envelop and change him.

"Love?" he squeaked, his military conditioning cracking for just one moment. Both had *that* image of Venus in their minds, the one on the shell only scantily clad.

"Desire?" Lea added, holding his hand right up until the moment the ribbons separated it.

'And Victory,' Cosmicus added, before flowing its power into Robert's form.

Despite their own bizarre changes - especially Cyrus' more inhuman ones and Lea's own third eye - none could keep their gaze away from what was happening to Robert. Their stalwart leader tried to keep his cool, but he too succumbed to various grunts and groans as his body was reshaped. The pleasure, the sheer *bliss* of the power flowing into him was impossible not to give over to, and it only rose as his thick limbs and manly body were forcibly slimmed down and feminised. He knew broadly what to expect - breasts, hips, vagina, female face, all of that - but nothing could have truly prepared him for his final look.

"S-so much p-pleasure! Why d-does it f-feel so good!?"

'Because you shall remain their leader, imbued with the mightiest powers of all; the power to bring calm, to bring love, to unify and heal. To bring life where there was none. And that is a joyful thing.'

It felt a lot more than simply joyful. There was so much of this supposedly 'peaceful' energy flowing through Robert that it felt like it might explode in a literally fatal orgasm inside of him, in fact. His hips widened, his torso slimmed. Breasts began to jut forth, and like Cyrus he soon realised they would not be a small pair, because they rose in fullness and size and weight, easily eclipsing his wife's chest and then doubling it - and his wife was not lacking in the breast department with her own pert C-cups either.

Robert burst out with a far more womanly voice, the kind that could bark orders as easily as it could soothe a dying patient. "I - I can't take it anymore! I'm going to burn up!"

He reached out his hand for Lea, trying to hold her one last time, but instead the air around his hand crystallised, motes of stardust colliding to form a staff with a pink-jewelled end. His excess power *surged* into the staff, causing the gemstone to glow brightly. It seemed to signal the motes around him to collect upon his form, giving him a pale-pink dress that seemed to reveal more skin than it hid. A single strip of white-pink cloth hung between Robert's legs, his member having given away to a vaginal passage during this moment. He moaned, panting with unnatural lust as the dress covered his top half, including his cantaloupe-sized breasts. *Her* new breasts were cupped by two crisscrossing fabrics that extended from right hip to left shoulder and vice versa. It left her sides entirely bare, and didn't just show off her impressive cleavage but a noticeable amount of sideboob as well. With the dress only having a front and rear hem that met above the hip, her legs were entirely uncovered right up to the hip, with only heels formed from interlacing pink gemstone material to cover part of her feet and calves, and even then there were gaps in between. A silver tiara appeared upon her head, also studded with a pink gemstone that glowed, and as if finally given permission, her hair *whooshed* backwards changing at the same time as her face. It was a flowing pink in colour, literally reflective somehow, and the only compensation was that it 'merely' fell to just above her shoulders. This was not nearly as long as Lea's hair, which would hit the ground even if the scientist were as tall as Cyrus was now.

"God, the power," Robert whimpered, clutching her staff as she came to the 'ground' that Cosmicus had erected for them all. "I can f-feel it. The healing power."

She looked up, causing Lea to gasp.

"What is it?" Robert asked.

"You look like you could be your own sister," she remarked. "You look . . . so wise. Peaceful. And very beautiful."

Robert blushed and so did Lea, and for a moment they held a new kind of gaze that spoke to an attraction that was still there, third eyes and new breasts and all. Lisa had never seen a woman so utterly entrancing as Robert was now: her husband had become the very epitome of womanhood, and if she had been told he was now the true Venus, goddess of love, lust, sexy, and beauty, she would have believed it, regardless of her scientific attitude. Robert, in turn, found himself incredibly intrigued by Lea: she floated with her legs folded in a position that was strangely natural to her, and her legs were more luscious than ever. With her hood on there was something mysterious and evasive about her, like a side he had never seen but wanted to get to know. She closed her third eye, and it left her forehead normal as if it had never been there, but under its gaze he felt more known and understood by her than ever.

"You also look beautiful, my love," Robert replied in a voice she was still not used to. "I feel more than a little ridiculous myself."

She gestured to how utterly revealing her outfit was.

"It's not as bad as Phantom Babe?" Lea suggested.

"That's hardly a compliment. Her costume was voted the most unsuitable for children three years running!"

It was Cyrus who pulled their attention back to the matter at hand. The new amazonian warrior was gaping at her alien body, staring at her reflection in sheets of strange void-glass that Cosmicus had summoned. As magnificently strong as

"Cosmicus! This . . . isn't what I had in mind," she said, clenching her muscles. "Not at all. I don't even look like a human anymore."

"At least you have damn muscles, girl!" Jace whined. "I look like a freakin' dancer. I look like my own sister's twin!"

"At least you don't have boobs the size of actual watermelons," Cyrus snapped, pushing Jace backwards with relative ease. Both were shocked by how simply the action occurred, and again when Jace managed to somersault with the motion and easily land on her feet, a ring of light like a hula hoop - or Saturn's ring - manifesting around her.

"Woah, what the fuck?" she said. "I have ring powers?"

She hurled one, and it spun, bouncing off of the void glass before ricocheting back to her. Jace caught it easily and withdrew the magic back into her. "Okay, that was actually wild. And sis, you're floating! Eww, gross, you've got three eyes!"

"Shut it, Jace! I don't know how to control it either. But I can you that if you try to throw that ring against you'll smash it right back into you."

Jace threw her ring again, and it did indeed smash into her own face when Cyrus punched it out of reflex. The new amazon cringed at the pain, but Jace cried out, clutching her bloodied nose. Cyrus chuckled.

"I've been wanting to do that for a while! And now I can!"

Lea gasped. "I - I saw that coming! With my third eye! It was . . . foresight."

Robert felt a strange tug within her new senses. She concentrated her power into her staff, and to her embarrassment her skirt lifted at the back and front a little, almost revealing her underwear. She extended it, and from it poured a tendril of crystalline-shaded pink light. In moments, Jace's broken nose was healed. She redirected the light, and the same became true of Cyrus' bleeding knuckles.

"You fucker!" Jace screamed. She rose into the air, hair now a yellow flame, and began to shoot towards Cyrus. The big orange woman readied herself to punch the menace out of the sky. They only missed one another when Lea answered another instinct of her own, raising her hands to cause numerous other Jaces and Cyruses to appear all about. The

two armies collided, and the real Jace and Cyrus missed one another completely, smashing into the void-glass instead.

“What the hell was that!?” Cyrus said with a grimace.

Lea held up her hands in shock. “It was . . . it was magic. Not science, but magic! I can’t believe it.”

But this only served to rile up Jace and Cyrus once more. Cyrus wanted to actually feel big for once, and Jace was angry as hell about being a woman and ready to take it out on her usual target. She danced and whirled in the air, throwing forth her spinning ring of burning light, all while Cyrus thundered forward.

“That’s it, it’s *smashing time!*” she cried, readying a mighty fist, eyes glowing a potent green. Lea tried to focus her mystical powers on all the possible ways to deal with this, all the future pathways she could direct. She had telekinesis too, she could feel it, but her power was not yet practised, and these two were about to seriously hurt one another. She clutched her head, trying to find the right path, and only arrived at the right one at the exact moment it unfolded before her.

“ENOUGH!”

A burst of pink light in the air caused Jace to drop out of the sky and Cyrus to collapse to her knees. Both had their powers turned off for a moment, but both were also flooded with a sense of calm which radiated out from Robert. The goddess-like beauty stepped forward, still unused to how her heavy breasts bobbed, let alone having heavy breasts at all, nor how her new costume barely clung to her, but she held her staff up righteously anyway.

“I don’t know how all these new powers work, but I know enough that I can influence emotion and make the pair of you calm down. So be calm and let’s deal with this, or we might never change back, let alone find our way back to Earth!”

Cyrus sighed and extended a hand to Jace. “Sorry,” she said. “My bad.”

“Nah, it’s mine. Not used to heels. Or tits. Or flight. I can take the last one.”

The pair stood, and turned to Robert.

“So what do we do?” Jace asked. “I don’t exactly love being turned into goddamn *Sailor Moon* here. And my sis now has hair that’s literally taller than Cyrus here. Also, I’m a midget next to Cyrus! That’s a goddamn injustice!”

“Cosmicus,” Robert said. “You said you could get us home.”

‘I can, and I shall. With your power to bind the four together, you can extend Jace’s abilities of Saturn and let him direct your flight as one. Cyrus’ own imperviousness to the vacuum of space-’

“Cool,” Cyrus said.

'-can also be extended across the group, and you can combine Lea's power of foresight to chart the best way home for a safe landing.'

There was a collective series of gulps from the new magical women.

"And then we train to defeat this coming conqueror," Robert said.

'Yes,' the face of great Cosmicus replied. 'You must master your powers to push him back. He is a being of metal as much as flesh, a professor of doom who seeks to impose his dictator's will upon the universe, practised in arts of science and magic both. It will take your combined strength.'

"And when we beat this asshole, we turn back, right?" Jace said.

There was silence.

"Right? I'm not being stuck as a long-legged dame for the rest of my life?"

More silence.

"Right?"

"He said permanent, moron," Cyrus said.

"What!? That sucks!"

"Try being huge and having orange-skin. I'm going to be a damn freak. My girlfriend will dump me day one."

"Please, like you ever scored a girl."

Robert spoke again before another fight could erupt. "So we're like this forever?"

'Yes. Your costumes will activate when you desire them to, but the power of the female guardians, with the womanly energies of the planets, is with you now for life. I must go now. I will begin your trajectory back, but you must work as a team with Robert's Venus powers at the head to arrive back safely. One last thing, beware the fight to come. You have less than four months until he arrives. Lord Terminus is coming.'

With that, before anymore chatter could commence, the cosmic streams began to whirl, the great face disintegrating as it shot the four backwards. They began to hurtle through space at lightning speeds. Jace screamed, and Cyrus panicked. But Lea's mind was already finding possibilities, and she clung to her former husband, encouraging her to use her new powers. With a grimace, Robert did so, forgetting her new feminine shame and instead linking them all with the power of her staff so that their minds were linked and their powers extended to all:

Jace's Saturnine flight.

Lea's Neptunian foresight.

Cyrus' Martian imperviousness.

And Robert's Venusian warmth to give them hope.

The four rocketed towards earth far faster than any shuttle. Two things were for certain as the planet drew nearer. One, Space Control was about to get the shock of their

lives. And two, the four of them were going to have a lot of adjustment when it came to their new bodies and mission.

They each tried not to think about it.

The next month was an absolute flurry and furor of activity, full of stress and embarrassment, awkwardness and unwanted fame. Naturally, the military stepped in immediately upon their landing, and it took an annoyingly long time for the changed four to even be confirmed as, well, *them*. This was particularly true for Cyrus, whose giant amazonian form not only loomed over the scientists around her, but clearly had their attention.

"I'd like to climb that fucking muscular hottie like a tree," one of them whispered to another, only for Cyrus to hear anyway thanks to her enhanced senses. The "smashin' time!" she declared in response to this ogling (as well as Jace's giggling) was only stopped thanks to Robert's calming effect and some stern words from Lea. She herself was getting some odd looks: she was occasionally lifting things with telekinesis without realising it, and whenever she went to sit down she always ended up legs crossed and floating instead, as if about to meditate. Jace didn't have a fun time of it either; she had been military once too, having flown experimental jet fighters, but despite her cool new ability to fly and even send out ring-shaped energy blasts or her own hula-hoop, there was no escaping that she looked like a damn supermodel. She tried to approach one old jokester of a friend, only for said friend to go gaga at the sight of her.

"This sucks," she complained, straightening her skirt and trying to remember to cross her legs lest she give the military men a show of her panties. "I feel like a damn piece of meat."

"Welcome to being a woman, *sis*," Lea teased.

"Yeah, well at least I'm not stuck with a wife instead of a husband, *sis*."

Lea just smirked. Her mental powers were strong enough to sense that Robert was still very attracted to her, and she knew this went vice-versa. Things would be awkward, but neither had lost any of their immense love for one another. Still, Robert was understandably trying to maintain as much military rigour as possible when talking to her old commander; that meant her back was ram-rod straight and her arms folded behind her. Unfortunately, this only emphasised her very lovely chest and her overall skimpy outfit.

"Jesus, Robert," Lea whispered to herself, seeing this from a distance. "I can't even watch. You've got half the room drooling over you."

But then again, they all did, in their own way. They were unrecognisable as the people they once were, which meant some more official changes on documents, too. Lea

didn't need a new identity, she still looked the same other than her third eye and ridiculously long hair - eight feet long in total. It dragged behind her everywhere she walked, but something about her foresight and her telekinesis meant that she could keep it perfectly clean and either floating slightly off of the ground, or simply allow it to avoid any tangle or mess. It didn't even weigh upon her, though it certainly made regular people on the street look her way in awe. In this manner, her documents now listed her as 'Superhuman.'

The others did need new documentation, of course. All were now listed as female, much to Jace's chagrin in particular. She kept her name - it was deemed gender neutral enough - but she got some revenge by ensuring that her photograph had her with the flaming yellow hair activated.

"I look like a fucking rad lesbian, at least," she said to console herself. "Unlike freako alien here."

"I hate you so much," Cyrene muttered, crushing a metal cube she'd been using to test her powers. Cyrene was her new name. She'd been given a number of options, but wanted a name that was most like her old self. It was also, fittingly, a bit alien sounding. It quickly took off in the gossip mags, much to her annoyance. The little comfort she could take was that a number of little girls were already wanting to dress up as her for Halloween and show how strong they were; that was pretty cute, she thought.

Robert didn't want to be Roberta, however. Instead, she went by Rose. It was quite different from her original name, but worked given her theme of love and union, and it was the name her parents would have called her had she been born a woman.

"I rather like it," Lea said, putting her arms around her and kissing her lover on the lips. "It suits the new you."

"I wish I felt like I suited the new me," Rose replied with a sigh. "Bad enough being a woman, but did I have to be so . . . bosomy?"

"Well, you are an avatar of love *and* lust, my dear."

"Don't remind me, honey."

Eventually, they got their clearance and confirmation, and were allowed to re-enter their old lives. Unfortunately, there was no hiding from fame. They were astronauts who had gone into the heavens and come back as a quartet of gorgeous magical girls, powers and all. A great number of interviews were covered, rejected, or met with quite a lot of hostility (from Cyrene in particular), and in the end they had to use a number of grants and payouts to purchase their own restricted base of operations, consisting of a fairly impressive set of upper floors on a city skyscraper. Here, at least, they could try to get accustomed to their new bodies, which was not exactly easy given the number of adjustments they had to make.

Lea kept accidentally using her x-ray vision at bad times, or floating above the bed when she tried to sleep. She had to manage her ludicrously long hair, of course, but her

telekinesis was not yet so advanced that it didn't cause her some difficulty. At least she could use her foresight to finally remember not to burn the hash browns, and her physics experiments were far more productive with her third eye open. She was able to help the others enter their new lives as women too, and in private moments could lend a shoulder for her brother to cry upon, ignoring his crude jokes about being the 'hotter' sister. She could always put her cloak on and appear in her laboratory when needed; teleportation was apparently another of her powers, when she meditated enough. She'd never felt the need to meditate, but her new role required it to centre her powers, and it helped with all the recent chaos.

Jace set a few things on fire when activating her powers, usually when holding a piece of paper. When she tried to pay for a coffee, the results were not good. It didn't help that when she cut her hair it kept returning to its long length. She'd been called several times already to try some modelling, and for good money too, and so she'd started dressing in daggy track pants and overly large sweaters. Unfortunately for her, her Saturn powers forced her to look as lovely as possible, so the literal material and shape of her clothing always ended up with her in a stylish dress or crop top and shorts, or something chic and modern. It was usually around that point that she swore, smashed through yet another window, and went for a fly to take her mind off of it all. Flying was the one great thing out of it, that and her energy blasts. She yelled out "YAHOOOOO!" frequently as she flew over the city and among the clouds, repeatedly annoying the local Hero Society who had dedicated flight paths for this very reason.

Cyrene, meanwhile, had no such escape. She was superhumanly strong and seemingly impervious to all but the most impressive blasts (a Howitzer round had been tested against her, and she likened the overall effect as to stubbing one's toe; painful but not debilitating in the least), but she stood out from a crowd (literally) and her bright orange skin and literally melon-sized breasts got her attention from a very particular kind of group of men. She was irritable at this: so much height and power and yet all the news articles could emphasise were her "exotic amazonian beauty" and "scandalous dress sense." It wasn't her fault that, unlike all the others, she literally couldn't change her style of clothing! No matter what she put on or tore off, she always reverted to her little green warrior skirt and bosom wrap, making her appear like an alien cave woman with overdeveloped assets. She thundered about, telling people to get out of her way, particularly when they tried to snap a pic: she could crush a phone in her pinkie, and had done so several times already.

Lastly, there was Rose. Always stoic and adaptable, it was only Lea who knew how hard she was finding her new life. Not only had she been unmanned, but she was now the very representation of lust, love, and fertility. Her powers literally brought life wherever she went: dead flowers sprung back to full health, a hospital she walked by had a perfect record

for healthy births requiring no intervention, and just her aura alone corrected the poor sight of a young woman and eliminated a blemish on a young boy's face. While Cyrene got the most attention for her alien-babe appearance and massive amount of curly red hair, it was clear to all that Rose was the most delectable. And just like all the others, her wardrobe could only extend so far. Jace may have whined about always looking stylish, but it seemed that Robert was stuck in dress for life. *Just* dresses. They could be long or short, professional or daringly sexual, but they changed of their own accord to match the occasion with no input from Rose at all, except that it matched her warm olive skin and warm pink hair. Lea complimented her often, but refused to use her own foresight to guide her interactions with her husband-turned wife. Instead, she simply gave her the time she needed, and held her at night, where the two conducted a bit of experimentation that often turned quite passionate. It wasn't like Cyrene and Jace hadn't done the same with their own bodies, but this married pair were able to dance the tango with the two of them. Rose hadn't said it out loud yet, but the sheer sensitivity of her breasts being cupped and licked by Lea was beyond anything she could have imagined. The fact that her powers literally caused unbelievable bliss in both partners, letting them enhance each other's performance and pleasure, was also a tick in the positive column when it came to her changes. Robert would often be left gasping, Lea clutching her and doing the same, the two women trembling from the near dozen orgasms they had both experienced.

"Thank God the sex is still great," Rose managed.

"No offence, former hubbie, but sex now is *better*."

Rose had overdone it just a little with her love powers though: Jace had been watching television and Cyrene working out to test her limits when both were overcome with the sexual delirium that the new loving magical girl had unleashed. They were not amused, particularly given that Cyrene accidentally bashed a hole in the floor during her thunderquakes of unexpected joy.

Still, things began to calm. The former men got more used to sitting down to pee, as well as general showering and hygiene as women. Men's stares (and some women's, too) continued to be a nuisance, but was more expected now, and the interviews began to die down. The four were settling in, readying to practice their powers to defeat this coming Lord Terminus. Evidently, their more clandestine mission had leaked from the military to the superhero community, because they even got an invite from the Hero Society. Blue Trident himself along with his adjutant Flame Dancer tried to invite them to the Hero Dome for training purposes.

"No way, Jose!" Cyrene exclaimed, folding her arms beneath her enormous orange bosom. "I'm already a freak enough now that I'm a damn alien woman! I don't want to stick out any further with a weird costume and a friggin' code name."

"We'll get back to you," Rose said, drawing upon her new role as a figure of unity and peace. "We have a lot of adjusting to do, and from what this 'Cosmicus' told us, we're uniquely suited to deal with a galactic threat, rather than the more Earth-centric stuff you guys are so good at."

"Wait, is Lightning Lass still single?" Jace asked, before the heroes were out the door.

"Yeah," Blue Trident said, looking Jace up and down. "What of it?"

"Oh, well, maybe we could consider-"

"Don't even think about it, you horndog sister," Lea snapped. "Go on, back in your cage. We got training to do!"

Jace whined, but then again, it was for the best. As much as she was struggling with being a supermodel-beautiful woman now, she was still Jace through and through, and that meant she still really wanted the girls.

At least, that's how it started out.

It was another small element of their greatly changed lives, but one that was deeply personal. Rose was the first to notice it, and it was obvious why given her 'domains' of planetary power. Her body was to die for, and try as she might she literally couldn't walk two steps without swaying her hips or looking otherwise tempting. And when she appeared like that, men responded on the street. Some catcalled her, others simply complimented her, though her powers allowed her to silence any disrespect. But slowly she began to realise that her change had left her attracted to men as well. It was startling enough that she took a taxi right back to their tower, went on up to Lea, and made love to her in the laboratory just to confirm she was still attracted to women. Thankfully, she very much was. But she swung for both teams now.

Jace and Cyrene, on the other hand, were experiencing a bit more embarrassment than even Rose, particularly Jace. Both got attention in their own way, especially since Jace loved giving interviews to keep herself in the spotlight, much to Cyrene's annoyance when she was dragged along. But both began to realise something horrible the longer they spent in their new bodies. Women were still attractive, but in a more . . . abstract way. Jace recognised female beauty, but her desire to sleep with women and enjoy some hot lesbian sex was diminishing over time. She'd bedded a few women to enjoy her new body with them, but now her eyes were going towards the men instead, admiring their firm shoulders and handsome forearms, not to mention how much *bigger* they were. Cyrene's gaze focused upon cute, bespectacled nerd types. She'd always liked the female version as a man, but the musclebound programmer was now imagining her orange bust suffocating a cute nerdy computer technician, or her riding him . . . *hard*.

The mismatched pair caught one another at the same club - Cyrene the centre of the party and half drunk off of a ludicrous amount of alcohol, and Jace the supermodel entrant - and when the party ended they both had seen the other dancing up against a man, willing themselves not to go any further. Neither talked about it much. In fact, neither admitted it at all. The pics still leaked to the press not long after anyway.

Lea couldn't stop cackling at her little sister.

After a delay, the real training started. A conqueror was, allegedly, coming, and they all needed to prepare. Whether they wanted to change back or not was moot: the four were going to be female for now at least, or forever if Cosmicus was speaking the truth. None of them were fully adjusted to their new bodies, and certainly the various sheepish experiences over their new appearances and styles would take years to get used to, if ever.

But if Earth was going to be conquered, was fretting over having to wear a damn bra, no matter how big, really of big concern? Even Jace's whining over her first period was fairly unimportant in the grand scheme of things, or Cyrene sticking out like an orange alien thumb the rest of her life. No, these were small matters compared against invasion, and so Rose rallied the team to prepare themselves, using her engineering skills and organisational power to set up a training ground outside the city where they could push their magical abilities to the fullest.

"So, we're really going to do this, then?" Jace asked, strutting over the verdant green field with its elaborate obstacle course. Her skirt rustled with her movements, and her yellow crop top left her slim midriff perfectly bare. "We're seriously gonna slug it out here?"

Cyrene slammed her fists together and grinned down at her far more diminutive friend. "Why? You scared, little girl?"

"I'm just hoping there aren't any paparazzi nearby. Think of the optics: you with those melons, me with my new style, Rose with her new *everything*, all of us slinging out in the mud? It's the kind of footage I would have skinned the sausage over once upon a time!"

Lea screwed her face up in disgust. "Let's thank Cosmicus that you don't *have* a sausage anymore, little brother."

"And let all the women weep over it, though women want me still."

Jace grinned as both Rose and Lea as they passed, the pair of them discussing their upcoming training regiment. It was only when they were out of earshot that Cyrene chuckled darkly.

"What? Eat a funny book or something, did you?"

The orange-skinned amazon of a woman rolled her green eyes, not that you could tell thanks to her total lack of pupils or irises. She folded her arms beneath her massive shelf of a rack. "Oh, I was just finding it kinda funny, given that you've been side-eyeing the guys lately, including that Blue Trident when he came around."

Jace scowled. "Oh, why don't you go back to being a gormless little man and go program something!"

Another grin. Cyrene's confidence had skyrocketed despite the skimpy Martian outfit and alien skin. "You give me too little credit, Jace. I may be the toughest thing-

"Gal."

"-on the planet now, but I'm still a programmer at heart. And now that they've customised my keyboard for these thick fingers-

"Not the only thing that's thick."

"-I've got quite the surprise ready for us to train against."

"It's true!" Rose said, coming back to the group with Lea. "I've seen the schematics and made some engineering editions myself. I think we're in for a wild ride here."

Lea put a hand around her wife's slim waist. She still wasn't used to that. The draw of her third eye was there, the beckoning of power she still didn't understand, but knew she had to accept she never would.

"Then let's do this," she said. "I want to be able to watch recordings of all our potential power and movesets. I think my own powers can optimise our strategies and see possible future victories, but only once I know the baseline data."

"The perfect combination of science and magic," Rose said, kissing her wife on the forehead. "Still the woman I married."

"And you're still . . ."

Her words fizzled out. There was no way anyone would think that Rose had ever been Robert, not with her resplendent pink dress to match her hair, nor her pink earrings and heels. Rose herself had tried to get rid of them that morning to no avail.

"Still the same person I love," she corrected.

"It's a good thing my powers let me know that's absolutely true," Rose said, "because that was terrible."

"Hey, you're the charismatic leader, honey. Now hurry up and lead, before these two start training against each other."

Rose clapped her hands together, but her powers of unity really brought them around.

"Okay, the threat is coming. A vanguard of the galactic fleet this conqueror brings. At least, that's the scenario. It's just landed, and we're the only hope of saving humanity. The

Hero Society are elsewhere, and we have to assume our own power is uniquely suited to fighting this thing. So, let's get started everyone!"

The change was easy, and came from knowledge that Cosmicus had placed within them. All they had to do was cross their arms above their head and exclaim:

"Powers of the Mighty Planets, ACTIVATE!"

Cyrene said it with them, even though her own body was *always* 'on,' so to speak. For the others, the dance-like transformation began, the ribbons of light emerging from the ether once more to wrap around them and outfit them in their planetary selves.

"The Fabulous Foursome!" Jace declared mid-change, and the group groaned even as their outfits exploded into being in a parade of starlight and void-like silhouettes. No one else liked the name, and yet somehow it was already sticking. Each member floated briefly into the air, their bodies posing to emphasise their new planetary domains.

Cyrene raised her huge arms above her head, thrusting out her chest as she flexed her muscles.

Jace assumed a ballerina's pose, her toes pointed directly down and her arms extended outwards.

Lea crossed her legs and locked her fingers together, her eyes closed in psychic meditation.

And Rose appeared, appropriately enough, like Venus herself, one hand over her forward skirt and the other over her ample chest, before raising two fingers to the air in a sign of peace.

The light burst, and the Fabulous Foursome were suddenly arranged together in fighting formation. Jace was back in her yellow and white outfit with its skirt and bow, her long legs swept wide in a dramatic pose, her yellow knee-high heeled boots on display. Rose was front and centre in her pale pink dress, its crisscrossing lengths of fabric leaving her sides and cleavage naked to the world, her pose unthreatening yet commanding. Lea was beside her, floating still, her enormous lengths of hair shifting as if underwater. And last of all was Cyrene, located behind them and looming over them, looking no different from before other than her eyes were now glowing bright green. All of them were now in their magical girl outfits, their powers fully activated. Jace's hair was even displaying its impressive yellow fire.

"That shit's wild," Jace commented.

"You just had to ruin it, didn't you?" Lea replied.

Cyrene smirked. "Cue the giant robot."

"Agreed," said Rose, and so Cyrene hit a switch on a remote pad she had been holding. From the ground before them the grass separated, and a pair of hangar bay doors flung upwards, enormous in size. The ground rumbled, and everyone but for Cyrene and Lea (who was floating) stumbled a little bit. Jace, naturally, turned it into a delicate cartwheel

backwards. But no one paid attention to her, because lifting up from the sanctum in the ground was an enormous mechanical spider-like contraption, a vast mechanistic beast with eight powerful legs of steel, a number of mounted lasers and rocket launchers upon its scythe-shaped head, and various bristling saws upon the tips of its limbs. Its hull was a glossy black, and its eyes - if they could be called that - were a threatening, slightly glowing red. The machine was massive, easily bigger than two buses placed alongside one another, and it was already beginning to advance forwards from a range of just two hundred or so feet away.

“Um, Cyrene,” Jace said, already summoning her Saturnian hula-hoop of energy. “What the fuck is that?”

Cyrene cackled. “Like I said, I’m not all muscle. I’m a programmer. And this one was fun to program. It *learns*.”

“Well, if there’s fun to be had, it’s in wrecking stuff *you* made.”

Jace took to the sky, her fists and feet glowing with yellow flame, her hair leaving a trail of it in the sky. Rose stretched out her staff.

“Jace, stop!”

But Jace was already flinging herself straight at the machine, roaring with eager fury.

“I’ve been wanting to blow something up ever since I got stuck with a goddamn vagina!” she roared. She twirled in the air and flung her hula-hoop at the machine . . .

. . . only for it to use an unexpected pair of rocket boosters to surge forward and fire two rockets at the same time. Jace, caught in her own momentum, was hit immediately and flung backwards, covered in pink and purple paint. She landed with an “oof!” back with the group, and Cyrene nearly fell over from laughing. Jace’s sister sighed, using her telekinesis to clean her former brother up.

“You idiot,” Lea said, opening her third eye, which was already glowing. “I saw that coming.”

“We all did,” Rose replied. “No need for psychic powers. Jace, we need to work together. This thing is designed to counter our powers.”

“Oh, *now* you tell me.”

Jace sighed. The machine had stopped advancing for now, Cyrene having put it on pause. The cameras for their field training were still rolling. “Okay, yeah, you think you can do better, you big orange-skinned lug? Have at it!”

Cyrene smashed her fists together. “Happily!”

“Wait!” Rose said, “we need to do this together!”

She dashed forward to keep up with the charging Cyrene, and Lea floated with her using her telekinesis. “We have a forty one percent chance of success now,” she said. “And it’s dropping every moment we’re not coordinating.”

“I am well aware, dearling! Jace, get in here! We need to salvage this!”

She summoned her powers to try and coordinate them, but they were too disparate. Only Lea was working with her, and she was still struggling to coordinate her multifaceted powers all at once; it was like two minds butting up against one another. Cyrene crashed into the spider and began punching holes in it, but the creature was already spinning about to fling the orange titan woman far into the distance, before firing paintball after paintball at Rose and the team. She summoned a new power, one she wasn't aware she had until this point: a great pink shield to protect her and her wife, but it meant little because Jace crashed into it, having not been given a warning. It shattered into pieces, and once more the hot-headed new woman was hit by missiles.

“Oh, twelve percent chance now,” Lea said, half-coated in paint.

Rose didn't even have time to reply before a metal leg grabbed her and began to hurl her about.

It was a good thing she had healing powers.

“That went bad,” Jace said, nursing the bruises on her face.

“Didn't feel so bad to me,” Cyrene replied, cleaning the paint out of her cleavage.

“You don't feel pain! I do! And you spent most of the fight in fucking Alaska or wherever that thing threw you!”

“It wasn't our best effort,” Lea replied, trying to calm herself as she floated in the air. Her meditation was healing the bruises, as was Rose's own Venusian healing powers, but the wounds to the ego were a bit deeper. “I tried to use the illusions, I swear!”

“You made mine look like a clown!” Jace said.

“And mine looked like the old me,” Cyrene replied.

“I guess that's . . . how I still see the pair of you, most of the time.”

Rose raised an eyebrow. The four of them were at the onsite locker area of their training ground, nursing their hurt pride. She was looking over the footage to see where things went wrong. The part where Jace hit the shield and then got hit by missiles again was playing, and the yellow-haired woman groaned.

“I think we can all agree I'm totally the star of the show here, so you make sure if this ends up on the internet that this bit gets cut, got it?”

“Oh, it's going in my personal files, for sure,” Cyrene laughed.

The others chuckled too, but Rose used her powers to regain their focus. It wasn't quite mind control, but worked as a nice mental nudge to gain their attention. She held her staff, which was already glowing pink, and her tiara was doing the same.

"We need to do it again," she said emphatically. "That was poor, even for us. We're better than this."

"Well, we're not used to being stuck as chicks," Cyrene said. "Or a freak, like me! It's not exactly how any of us expected to be. Even Lea ended up with a third eye and hair longer than a sedan! You can't expect us to coordinate well."

"We'll just have to wing it," Jace said, putting on her most confident smirk. "I fly and fight better without you guys present, no offence or anything. But why can't we go into battle against this conqueror and just do our own separate things. Rose can bind our powers when she needs to but otherwise, we'd be better off getting out of each other's way, right?"

Lea placed her legs upon the ground, letting her hair spill upon the floor behind her like a wedding dress train. She was slowly getting used to that, even if a lot of little girls kept wanting to touch her hair while out in public. She moved to her wife's side and touched her arm.

"There's a better chance of survival and success if we do work separately at this rate," she said, her third eye open and slightly glowing. "My foresight only has some ideas of Lord Terminus' powers and forces, but this robot has done well to emulate a lot of them. Currently, we have a twenty nine percent chance of victory if we work apart, versus only nine percent if we work together."

Rose frowned. She looked down over her body, her goddess-like curves and attributes and clothing, at the staff in her hand. It was such a change from her usual life, but she'd done her best to embrace it and take on this role to be what Earth needed.

"You think we should just throw in the towel after one practice?"

"Honey, we went against the robot five times. We got worse with each attempt."

Rose thought about what Jace and Cyrene had said, about not being used to their bodies and new roles.

"Maybe you're right," she said with a heavy sigh. It left her bosom to rise and fall, and even that was a stark reminder of just how much things had changed. She couldn't imagine how Cyrene was feeling then, with her literally alien skin and stature, or her wife with her exaggeratedly long hair. Even Jace had much more investment in her original manhood than Rose did, and Rose was no slouch in the masculine department before. Still, she just knew that they had to work together. There *had* to be a winning formula.

"New plan," she said, clapping her hands together and gaining the attention of the defeated group. "We're going on a road trip."

"A what?"

"Or a camping trip. Or a hike. Or simply hitting some major monuments and attractions - not literally, Cyrene."

Jace frowned. "Um, why? I know we're a team, we can train separately on these ground and-"

"Because we've spent the last month getting used to being women and having powers and sticking out like sore thumbs. Now, we need to get used to being *together*. Lea still sees you two as your old selves-"

"She didn't see you as that; your illusions were perfect, Rose."

Rose blushed, trying not to look at Lea, who answered with equal embarrassment.

"We're a little more . . . familiar with each other already," she replied.

Jace coughed. "Gross."

"Grow up, *sis*."

"My point is," Rose continued. "We need to throw away the hangups, use our powers in interesting ways in everyday life. Start to see Cyrene as Cyrene, and for her to be more confident in who she is. We cool off a bit, and then in a few days or a week we come back and try one last time. Please, just try this with me."

Lea's third eye opened. The odds were difficult to calculate. But she believed her former husband-turned wife, and linked her arm around his. "I think it's a great idea."

"So long as we hit the waterparks," Jace said. "I want to pick up some hot dudes and - ugh, I mean chicks!"

Lea gasped, and Rose's jaw fell. Cyrene just cackled.

"Too late!" she said. "And you'll be in a bikini too!"

"Oh shut up, you're on the damn guy train too! And you're *always* in a bikini, no matter what!"

The bickering began again, as did the speculation over what to do and how to coalesce as a group. Rose smiled as she watched the discussion progress. Her Venusian manner was already working; she could see fractures in the group starting to knit already.

They did indeed hit the waterparks, and Jace did indeed wear a bikini courtesy of her clothes-correcting power. But then again, so did all of them, as for as much attention as they received (and much wringing of water out of Lea's hair was required), the four of them had an absolute blast. Jace got a rather handsome man's number, and Cyrene even posed in some photos with a number of body building men who were dwarfed by her excess. They went and saw the Great Canyon, Jace flying over the top and Lea floating as well, while Cyrene rather illegally scaled it. They went camping as a group, and their combined powers made for some rather fun experiences: easy to make smores when Lea could just levitate

them over Jace's fiery hand, and Rose's shields were better than any tent fly when it began to rain.

The true purpose of these escapades began to sow success too, though. Each member was becoming more accustomed with their new selves, the weight of the coming invasion lifted to allow them to truly experiment with their powers. Lea's illusions were perfected not through combat, but by amusing experimentation to tease her sister. Jace's dance battle style was enhanced by her tearing up the club scene and becoming the center of attention with her light show. Cyrene launched herself across great distances to splash into the ocean, testing her boundaries. And Rose's power increased with the connection of their group, able to coordinate and bind them easily. Hell, she didn't even mind so much the stares and desires for autographs, not with Lea on her arm. Cyrene even happily took children on rides, while Jace flew them into the air - carefully. The military and government wanted damn answers on what they were doing, but the results showed themselves, and soon even being known as the Fabulous Foursome, a collection of beautiful superpowered magical women, wasn't too embarrassing. Something to take pride in, perhaps.

But all good things must come to an end, and such was the case when Lord Terminus' fleet sent its first transmission across all of Earth's TV stations. The team were relaxing on the beach when Jace flew in, carrying her phone and demanding they see what it was showing. They gathered around, and Lea used her powers to replicate the image as a large hologram before them, beamed from her third eye. In it, a steely figure in a crimson blood-red cap and black-sheen metal armour stood before a grand throne, the stars behind him showing that this was his command ship. His face was masked with that same black metal, so that only piercing grey eyes showed behind it, and perhaps the subtle indications of terrible burn marks.

"People of Earth. Lord Terminus demands your surrender. His forces will arrive in but a month, and easily overwhelm your systems. Terminus has heard that you have the protection of Cosmicus, and his early probes tell that a group of weak would-be galactic heroes known as the Fabulous Foursome claim the power to defeat him. Terminus laughs at such folly! These whelps shall be discarded like so much dross, and your world incorporated into Terminus' empire. Any resistance, and you shall be enslaved instead. The choice is yours. You have one month to make the right decision. Terminus out!"

The screen flickered out, and Jace frowned.

"Wow, a third person person. That guy must be really up his own metal-plated ass."

"One month," Rose said, sagging her shoulders. "That's less than I thought. I've . . . we've wasted time."

Oddly, it was Cyrene who put a large orange hand upon her soft shoulder.

"No way," she said. "You were right, Rose. This was what we needed. Now, we can kick butt."

"Agreed," Jace said. "I want to burn through that guy's spaceship."

Lea kissed her wife on the cheek. "Our percentages are better," she said softly. "Not great, but better."

Rose considered this. "Cyrene, what time would you say it is?"

The tangerine titan grinned heartily. "It's smashin' time," she said, slamming her fists together and causing the earth to tremble, as well as her bosom. Somewhere, an onlooking man fainted from the sheer sight of it.

"Damn right," Rose said. "This guy wants war. Let's force him to the peace table."

They were once again before the elaborate metal spider. It had more enhancements now, especially since Lea had embraced her magical side more and been able to fuse it with science, allowing the spider to have some form of levitation, disabling fields, and even the power to project Rose's shields for a time. The four stood before it, each having activated their powers and costumes. The beautiful magical girls had embraced their new selves, and while it would take a lifetime to truly get used to, they weren't afraid to try now. The spider activated, and Rose gave her orders.

"This time, we don't rush off. I'm not accepting Terminus' peace, that's not what the power of Venus is about. Enslavement and subjugation aren't peace. So we fight, and create the peace we deserve. And that means we have to learn to work *together*."

It was strange, once upon a time Rose would have barked orders, or perhaps relied on a gruff, military tone. Now, a more soothing quality came out. She even rested her hand on Jace's shoulder caringly, and in doing so felt the calming and loving power of Venus flow through her.

"Remember everyone, we each have a part to play. Let me coordinate the group. I can empower you all and keep you healed, as well as gift your talents to guide the rest of the group when necessary. I'll use shields when necessary, but they only last so long, so don't call for one unless desperate. Lea, honey, you use your foresight to help us zone in on the weak points - the spider will be quite erratic. Use your telekinesis where you can, but I think summoning illusions will throw off its targeting. Cyrene and Jace, you'll be the hammer and the needle. Cyrene will bust up and hold the spider to keep it in place or make the needed dents, while Jace will cripple the exposed points and keep the machine distracted. Can I trust you to work together?"

"You can trust us to not, *not* work together," Jace said.

Cyrene looked at the sky. "Mars, give me strength."

"You've got that in abundance, you great orange beefcake!"

Lea turned to her wife. "I think that's a go, dear. Or at least as good as we'll get."

"Then let's do it. I can't believe I'm saying this, but . . . *FABULOUS FOUR, WARRIORS OF PEACE AND WIELDERS OF THE MAGIC OF THE PLANETS, ACTIVATE!*"

The team leapt into action, flying up into the air as Rose linked Jace's power to their own, then letting Cyrene fall out to smash down upon the spider, Rose's shield protecting her until the last moment. Missiles flew into the air, but Lea's used her foresight to guide her own telekinesis, hurling them aside at the last moment or even redirecting them back at the machine. Rose kept their thoughts centred, removing panic and downplaying nervousness, allowing Cyrene to dart between the monstrosity's legs and twist the joints. Jace flew down, smashing the weak points with her hurled rings of light and her own flaming fists, darting around to distract the spider's lasers. Lea kept her and Rose in the air, and the latter directed healing where necessary with her staff. Several thrusts from the spider's limbs tore the pair apart . . . but only the illusory copies, not the real thing. In fact, Lea kept splitting off new versions of each member of the team, directing her incredible mental powers with greater ease. She was magic and science both, and the same was true of Cyrene, who kept a running commentary of the spider's adaptive programming even as she crushed in the hulled plating. As soon as she was pushed back by a forcefield, Rose interposed her own, breaking the two apart. It was a magnificent display of teamwork and improvisation, and with Lea's strategic brilliance and Rose's ability to combine their roles and keep them focused, the spider was soon on the backfoot. It couldn't target a single one of them without three more illusions popping up, and its own grip on the ground slipped due to Lea's telekinetic edge. Its missile barrages collided into Rose's shields, and soon it was helpless as its outer plating was ripped up by Cyrene, exposed at last. Jace whooped at this.

"*FIRE IN THE HOLE!*" she screamed, her new catchphrase, and she flew *into* the enormous spider's central chamber, lighting it up. When the explosion finally happened, everyone was safely within a bubble shield of Rose's making, their injuries already healed from the magic to her staff.

"What was the chance of success on that one?" she asked her wife, who was floating in the air, hair hanging far down below her.

Lea smiled. Like the others, she finally felt at one with her new self.

"Oh, something around ninety-nine point five percent."

"Room for improvement, then?"

Rose had meant it as a joke, but to her surprise Cyrene picked up Jace, and the pair whooped and cheered, demanding another round of training.

"Looks like," Lea joked.

The fleet had arrived. Its ships numbered in the hundreds, but it was the flagship that dominated, lurking beside the moon and literally visible from the Earth's surface. Lord Terminus was finally here, the dread tyrant projecting his menace to the world he intended to conquer. Earth's superhumans were already assembling, the mightiest of the Hero Society readying to protect the cities and deal with the incoming assault ships. But the situation was clear: only the Fabulous Foursome were truly equipped for deep-space combat, and their energies were the one thing that Terminus was clearly afraid of.

And besides, they were feeling ready.

The shuttle had been rebuilt and refined, Rose and Cyrene having given it a number of upgrades. Now it could easily disgorge them into the field of space and fly independently, or even respond to Lea's psionic commands. It could generate shields similar to Rose's own, and could fly twice as fast as a result of its fusion engine which could contain Jace's raw Saturnian power. The four of them were strapped in as they burst out from Earth's atmosphere, the shuttle shaking and ratcheting up the tension. Rose could feel the fears of all the people on Earth itself, but she could also feel their hopes and their love. She could feel Lea beside her, not just holding her hand but the love that emanated from her. The pair had shared a passionate night just before the fleet had arrived, and Rose's energy alone had meant that just about half the city's couples and one-night stands were very pleased indeed. The power of love, lust, and fertility indeed. But now that meant she had a commitment to all those she had connected to below, and to the babies who would likely come in nine months time. She had to give them hope and peace.

On the smaller screens, Lord Terminus' face had appeared once more, his full-plate mask disguising his horrid burns, his brass-toned voice commanding from his throne.

"So, you have chosen to defy Lord Terminus. This insolence shall not be forgotten, and neither shall the reprisal that Terminus issues forth now. An example must be made, people of Earth, an instruction given. Already my fighters descend to deal with your so-called Hero Society. They shall be undone. But this Fabulous Foursome, those who wield the energies of your local planets, whose magic is enemy to my own, Terminus call upon them to face my power in full. I will not allow the patronage of Cosmicus to defy Lord Terminus any longer. This battlefield shall be my victory. Terminus out!"

"Man, that guy is a total asshole, even by my standards," Jace joked. She was feeling a bit nervous, as evidenced by the panicking flames in her hair. She was piloting carefully, ready to manoeuvre around the numerous fighters heading their way. The shots came, and

began bouncing off of the shuttle's forcefield, but they would soon disintegrate it unless she used all her skills.

"Agreed," Cyrene said. "I can't wait to smash that stupid mask in."

"We need to get there first," Lea said. "I'll keep charting our course to give us the best odds. My foresight will help, sis."

"Thanks, sis," Jace said, and there was no irony this time. "How do we do this, fearless leader Rose?"

Rose set her jaw. They were all in their magical girl outfits, and she herself was resplendent and beautiful and more than a little out of place in a battle scene. The shuttle was getting closer to the main command ship. They would need to infiltrate it, get to the throne room, and take down this mad conqueror. She could sense him, too: his hatred, his obsession, his lack of love. It galled her, especially given how much her powers were focused on healing and connection. She took a deep breath, adjusted her revealing dress just slightly, and aimed forth her staff.

"I know exactly where he is. Jace, you fly us in, and not using the shuttle. Cyrene, you punch a hole in the ship for us. Lea, you use your telekinesis to seal up the hull blow behind us. And I'll use my shields and healing to keep us safe while we do it all. Then, we go get this bastard."

The other three all nodded. The plan was set. Rose indicated for Jace to hit the eject button when he felt it was right: their planetary magic meant they could all easily breathe and survive in space.

"Wait!" Jace cried.

Rose's heart thudded in her chest. Lea's hair almost got in a tangle, floating as it was in the back of the shuttle. Cyrene accidentally broke a joystick.

"What!?" the tangerine-skinned woman demanded.

"We need code names! Superhero names! Aliases! How did I never think of this?"

Lea scoffed. "Are you serious!? You want me to direct my considerable mental powers to *that!*?"

"Why not? We're the Fabulous Foursome, but I can't just be *Jace*. Ugh, I need a cool name for my stupid but frankly hot outfit. Oh, I know, *Golden Girl*. It's a pun, see? Oh, even better, *Garnet*. It's expensive, stylish, and can definitely come in yellow."

"Fine," Rose said. "You're Garnet, now-"

"I'll take the *Tangerine Titan*," Cyrene said, gesturing to her orange bosom with pride. "Or *Titan*, for short."

"Okay, but our shields are getting low, so we should-"

Lea raised hand, and Rose was positively flustered. "You too, dear?"

"Well, magic exists. I always scoffed at it. So I think I'll be *Mystic Woman*."

“Great name sis. Also, I’ve changed my mind. *Flame Dancer*.”

“That’s taken, you moron.”

“Oh, yeah. Garnet, then.”

The three of them looked Rose’s way. The command ship was drawing nearer, and yet Jace had put on the autopilot AI. Rose could scarcely believe it.

“You - you three!”

“You’re our leader, honey,” Lea said. “Think quick!”

The answer was obvious, of course. She was dressed like a goddess and looked like one too, and combined with her planetary powerset . . .

“*Venus* it is, then.”

There was a resounding cheer, and Jace hit the eject button. The Fabulous Foursome were launched forward, and the newly-christened Venus easily drew upon Jace’s power so that *Garnet* could keep the four of them flying together. They surged like a great yellow flame (another name Jace was considering) straight towards the enormous black hull of the dread command ship. The Tangerine Titan readied her fist to smash straight through it, and Mystic Woman helped guide them to the weak point with the greatest chance of success, all while fighters shot at numerous illusory shuttles that served as a distraction. Despite the enormous stakes, Venus couldn’t help but crack a grin. It was more adventure than she’d ever reckoned on since building a shuttle to examine that anomaly, but now she was glad she had. All of them were, even as the ship drew closer and closer thanks to their speedy trajectory. They may now be magical girls for life, and rather attractive and attention-grabbing ones at that, and the celebrity of such an existence would have more than its share of embarrassments, but they were a team once more, and more than that, they were a family too.

“**FABULOUS FOURSOME!**” Venus cried, her power flowing, her shields at the ready, her staff outstretched and her very voluptuous figure looking damn outstanding. “**ACTIVATE THE POWER OF THE PLANETS!**”

They did so, smashing through the hull and working in concert to enact their world-saving plan.

Lord Terminus didn’t stand a chance.

The End